

WEEKLY GRAPHIC.

1.50 Per Annum

KIRKSVILLE MISSOURI, FRIDAY, AUGUST 28, 1885.

VOL. VI. NO. 19.

QUINCY CARDS.

The following is a list of First-class Quincy Business Houses and representative men. We would call the attention of those of our patrons who deal in Quincy, especially country merchants, to this list. Especial care was taken to have first-class, responsible men on the list.

C. WILLIAMSON,
BRASS FOUNDER,
MODEL MAKER AND MACHINE REPAIRER
Third and Main Streets,
QUINCY, ILLINOIS.
All work guaranteed satisfactory or no pay. Cash paid for old copper, brass, zinc and lead.

H. C. NICHOLS,
LAW AND REAL ESTATE,
308 Main Street,
QUINCY, ILLINOIS.

SMITH, HILL & CO.,
Manufacturers of
IRON HOUSE FRONTS,
ALL KINDS OF GRAY IRON CASTINGS,
Quincy, Illinois,
corner Fifth and Ohio streets.

J. H. MUEHLHANN,
Manufacturer of all kinds of
STEAM BOILER
oil, Lard and Water Tanks,
Coolers, Kettles, Etc.,
Also all kinds of Iron Work, Smoke Stacks and
Architects. Special attention given to all kinds of
repairs. Orders by mail or telegraph promptly
attended to. Second hand boilers always on hand
corner Spring and Second Streets.
QUINCY, ILLINOIS

KIRKSVILLE CARD

J. W. JOHNSTON,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
And Notary Public.

Office over Wahl & Minner's Bakery, Kirksville,
Missouri.

WILLIAM L. SMITH
MANUFACTURER OF
BOOTS AND SHOES
First door north of Doughlass & Son's lumber
yard opposite City Hotel, respectively. Guarantees satisfaction.
Sewed work a specialty.

F. V. GREENWOOD,
W. D. OLDFHAM,
GREENWOOD & OLDFHAM,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW
Kirksville, Missouri.
Office southeast corner public square—Pierce's
building, over Gibson's grocery.

KENNEDY & LINK,
DEALERS IN
Grain, Seed, Hay
Etc., Etc.,
SLOAN'S OLD STAND
directly west of the Parcell's House

KIRKSVILLE
MARBLE WORKS,
DAVID BARD, Proprietor.
—DEALER IN—
AMERICAN AND ITALIAN MARBLE,
MONUMENTS, HEADSTONES, ETC.,
Kirksville, Missouri.
All orders filled on short notice North
west corner of the public square.
Marble Purchased direct from the quarries
and only the best of workmen employed

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JAMES EMERT,
—DEALER IN—
GENERAL
Merchandise
—GIVE ME A CALL—
—MY GOODS ARE ALL NEW—
—AND—
—Prices Low as the Lowest—

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THE KAISER'S QUESTION.

BY MARY A. BARR.
(The Emperor of Germany is called the Kaiser.)
The Kaiser would go to the Orphanage,
Upon a summer day;
And the children braid their dazeb hair
And did it with ribbons gay;
They tied it with ribbons pink and blue,
And each wore her dress of white,
And the Kaiser said he thought no man
Could see a lovelier sight.
Then he took his plumed hat off his head,
As he looked at them so low,
He said: "Good bless you, children dear,
And make you in wisdom grow."
And he called to his aide a blue eyed girl,
(She was fair as child could be)
And he said: "Stand here, thou little one
And answer me questions three
"This little, so fair, and white, and sweet,
To what kingdom does it belong?"
"To the vegetable kingdom, sire,"
And her voice was like a song,
"And this little toy of purest gold?"
(He showed her a myrtle leaf,
And she looked up with a smile,
"To the mineral kingdom, sire."
"Now tell me, my clever little maid,
To what kingdom do I belong?"
She thought of lions, of cows and sheep;
The answer, sure is wrong
She looked at his kindly air and dress
(She was but a child of eleven)
And said with a will and solemn air:
"I think to the KINGDOM OF HEAVEN."
The Kaiser looked down, and then looked up
And his eyes were full of tears;
"The wisdom of heaven dwells," he said
"In this child of tender years,"
He felt as an angel taught,
And his soul to its depths was stirred:
So he left a royal largess there,
For the little girl's word
On the still little shade reclining
In devotion unrepining:
Heck souls there are who little dream
Their daily strife is an angel's theme
Ah! but her lord they take so calm
Shall prove to them a martyr's pain.

THE YOUNG VIOLINIST.

New York Observer.
The shadows of night were fast
gathering over the large old town of
Hanover at the close of a dreary
day in midwinter. Out in the darkness a
small child with bare head and feet
blue and pinched with the cold,
crouched upon the steps of a wretched
dwelling, where in the uppermost
story she lived alone with her brother
and called it home.
"Oh, how I wish dear Fritz would
come," she sighed as she heard the
clock in the neighboring steeple strike
nine; and then drawing her tattered
gown around her poor, shivering limbs
lean and shriveled for want of proper
food and shelter, and tired of waiting,
for Fritz was very late tonight, she fell
asleep, the snow flakes gathering thick
and fast upon her tangled hair.
Madge was used to being alone, and
used to cold and hunger too, and long
watching had made her very patient.
It was not an impatient exclamation
that she uttered as she heard the
clock in the neighboring steeple strike
nine; and then drawing her tattered
gown around her poor, shivering limbs
lean and shriveled for want of proper
food and shelter, and tired of waiting,
for Fritz was very late tonight, she fell
asleep, the snow flakes gathering thick
and fast upon her tangled hair.
Very soon her pale face brightened
as a gentle touch upon her shoulder
wakened her, and she saw the familiar
form of her brother standing before her.
Fritz was not many years her senior,
and yet young as he was, he had tried
to fill the place of father and mother to
little Madge since her babyhood, for it
was since then that their mother had
died, and soon after Fritz's father died
also, leaving nothing to him in the
world but the old violin, which
though blind, he had played about the
streets of Hanover for many and
many a year.
Fritz revered this heirloom as the
last gift of his father, keeping it care-
fully covered and handling it always
with the utmost tenderness. To for-
get anything his father had taught
him would have been desecration, and
he lost no opportunity to increase his
knowledge of music, for it was music
to him, however poor it might seem
to others. Day after day he would
saunter through the streets, working
most energetically at his violin, play-
ing many a familiar tune; and at
night when he went home Madge
would try her utmost to sing them with
him, that some day she might accom-
pany him with her voice, and all day
long, alone in her garret room, she
practised as well as she could those
tunes that she knew he would like
best.
But to-day had been such a hard
day to them both, and poor Fritz had
returned to his tenement hungry, wet,
and withal discouraged, for you must
remember he was a very small boy to
assume such grave responsibilities,
even if the rent was small and the food
meagre. He had earned but a very
few pennies, and the attic where they
slept was cold and cheerless, without a
spark of fire or so much as a light, for
the last remnant of their solitary can-
dle had burned out the night before,
but he did not know then, poor boy,
that God is always behind the clouds,
and no one had ever told him to trust

in Him who out of the dreariest dark-
ness brings marvelous light.

"Don't worry about me, Fritz, I'm
not so very hungry. You must be aw-
fully hungry, though, you've been out
so long in the cold and the rain."

But though there were only two tiny
rolls and one small herring Fritz would
have died sooner than have let Madge
suffer, however hungry he might be
himself.

As soon as they had eaten this scan-
ty meal and had a little music, for this
was never forgotten, tired and cold as
they both were, he laid his little sister
down upon their miserable cot just as
he had done in her babyhood, and
then threw himself in his tattered and
damp clothing by her side with only
one wish in his heart, that the morning
dawn might find him dead and Madge
too. And yet these poor, destitute
children slept in spite of hunger and
cold as only children can, little know-
ing then what the good God had in
store for them. They had never heard
the promise so often fulfilled, that "the
needy shall not always be forgotten,
nor the expectation of the poor perish
forever."

The next day was a bright one.
Ever through the dingy window in
their attic room the sun peeped in and
seemed to whisper of hope and com-
fort.

Fritz started out early with his faith-
ful friend, "the old fiddle." The
bright day gave him new courage,
and it was not so very cold. He went
up one street and down another. The
streets were literally alive with people
early as it was, though they were all
too intent upon their own business to
notice the little violinist, and it was
hours before he could attract the at-
tention of any one to the tunes which
he played. House after house, down
the length of many blocks was tried in
vain. At last he turned into a broad
and elegant street where were superb
houses. Fritz ventured to open the
gate of one of them and walked in.
"Please may I play you a tune?" he
said in a timid voice as he saw a fig-
ure at the window. A lovely lady listen-
ed at the child's sweet tones, and met
the gaze of Fritz's great sorrowful
eyes, and his rags and tatters.

"Yes, you may gladly, my poor
boy."
Since his mother died no gentle
words like these had ever been spoken
to him. It was the first kindly inter-
est that any one had shown him, and
so turning up the strings of his fiddle
he began to play enthusiastically the
old, familiar air of "Home, Sweet
Home," with variations, which his
father long ago had taught him. Now
Fritz played with a great deal of ex-
pression and as he looked up he saw
tears in the lady's eyes and heard a
heavy sigh as she turned to her hus-
band, who was busily engaged in read-
ing, and said to him, "Robert, do you
not see a look like our dear Maud in
this poor boy's eyes? Thank God, our
darling never knew what it was to
want for all her little life. Fritz, is
that your name?"

The gentleman raised his eyes slow-
ly, listlessly, and met Fritz's timid
gaze, and without a word instantly
dropped them again; but in that mo-
ment, in all his poverty and rags, he
had crept unconsciously into those
two lonely, childless hearts.

After he had got through playing,
Mrs. Robson opened the door and
called him in. No more working for
pennies that day, for after telling his
story a basket loaded with all that
could satisfy those little hungry
mouths for days to come was put into
his hands besides a whole silver dol-
lar. Never had Fritz had so much
money in his life. It was indeed a
new and brighter experience, and as
he hurried back with his treasures, his
face was so joyous Madge didn't know
what to make of it; but when he told
the whole story and how he had prom-
ised that she should come and sing
next day for the lady, she laughed
such a bright, merry laugh as had
never before been heard in that
dreary room.

"Look here, Madge, and here and
here," and Fritz opened the basket,
displaying all the goodies and the
shining coin. "Shant we have a
treat?" And so indeed they had.

And then came the time for practis-
ing, that Madge might do her best for
the grand lady in the morning. They
were very happy little people sitting
together that night. Madge's pale,
delicate face, so unlike those around
her in that squalid tenement, began to

look like a child's into whose life had
come an inspiration, in which she for-
got the degradation and wretchedness
that had made her so very old for her
years.

What a change in one short day! a
cheerful fire, a candle, plenty to eat,
and, above all, a little kindness had
fallen upon their young hearts, caus-
ing the germ of hope and faith to
spring up in that hard soil of poverty
and suffering; and yet, happy as their
young hearts were, they knew nothing
as yet of that Heavenly Father who
had given them these wonderful and
unexpected blessings.

The next morning found Madge with
her blue eyes wide open at a very
early hour. She was to help dear
Fritz to day, and, above all, to see the
good lady and her beautiful house.

It was worth a great deal to see the
bright, earnest face under her shabby
hood her faded gown, her small faded
shawl, her small feet hidden in a pair
of ragged shoes, her quick step and
womanly ways, as she prepared to ac-
company "Fritz" on the morning in
question. Fritz was very fond of his
little sister, and he thought every one
must notice and admire her as much
as he did. He was a noble boy in
spite of his poverty, and whatever his
troubles were there was always sun-
shine in his heart, made by the music
of his fiddle and the sunshine of his
dear little sister Madge.

It was now three weeks since she
had sung every morning at the fine
house with Fritz and the old violin.
God had tempered the winds to these
dear children. Meanwhile the winter
days were passing, and the soft spring
winds came, to be sure, over brick
walls and through filthy alleys, never-
theless they brought refreshment and
sunshine. Every day Madge was win-
ning her way more and more into Mrs.
Robson's desolate life, for in Madge
she had traced even a stronger resem-
blance to her own lost child than in
Fritz. She thought of her unceasing-
ly, and watched for her coming with
an irresistible longing. Mrs. Robson
could scarcely understand the strange
hold these poor children had already
taken upon her heart, which went out
to them in pitying tenderness. Even
her own life had worn so much bright-
er an aspect since that first morning
when little Madge, in her faded gown
and thoughtful, gentle ways, had
sung under her window for the first
time.

"I can't lose sight of that child. It
was no accident that brought her here,
but an overruling Providence. I can't
help thinking I have a mission to per-
form towards her," she would say to
herself; and as for Madge, poor child,
she always felt as if something had
been added to her desolate little life
whenever the "grand lady" spoke or
even looked at her.

But there came a day when the
children were absent from the gate.
Another passed, and yet another.
What could it mean? Taking her
carriage, and ordering the driver to go
to the old tenement in the lane where
they had told her they lived, Mrs.
Robson herself passed through the
close, warm alley, made foul by dirt
and noisy by many voices, and up
several flights of stairs to the poor, com-
fortless room, where two little lives lay
in the delirium of fever.

Already Fritz's feet were lingering
upon the shores of the dark river.
Each faint breath might be his last
while in the farther corner of the room
life and death were making their last
struggle for little Madge. The mo-
ment that Mrs. Robson took in the
situation she sent home to her hus-
band to come to her without delay,
whenever he should return home,
bringing with him all necessary com-
forts; and then relieving the kind wo-
man who lived below stairs, who with
her own numerous family to attend to,
had done what she could for these
poor children—for the poor are pro-
verbially kind to the poor—she took
her station by their side, hushed all
most to breathlessness by the awful
shadow that was now impending over
them.

For many hours Fritz slept in quiet
unconsciousness, while Mrs. Robson's
attention was given more fully to
Madge whose pale little face was like
that of an angel in its shadowless ser-
enity. For her, at least, the danger
was passing, though Mrs. Robson could
not see it then, she was so very, very
very sick; but for Fritz, who had so
dearly loved that little sister, so often
kept her from starving, his work was

nearly over, his wings already plumed
for Paradise. Rousing for a moment
with one last effort he startled Mrs.
Robson by exclaiming: "Madge, dear
hear what I shall play to the good
lady the next time we go to her house.
Isn't it lovely? Listen!" And then
groping for his dear violin as it lay
beside him, beloved even in death, his
fingers ran listlessly over the strings,
from whose touch came such a wild,
weird melody, as if it were telling the
story of his own sad life, until slow
and tremulous, with a long sob, it grew
silent. With the soul of the music the
soul of poor little Fritz went up to that
far, mysterious place, where never
more the voice of dear Madge could
reach him, or the cry of her yearning
love win him back again to earth.

It was very terrible, the first return
to life, for poor Madge, and when she
learned of the strange desolation that
had come into it for her she murmured
bitterly. But Madge was no common
child, her heart and mind were full of
strength, and true, noble impulse
which only needed training. Mrs.
Robson looked upon the accident that
threw the young girl first in her way,
and had now left her solely in her
keeping as a providence not to be ne-
glected. She would take her into her
own home and give her the education
and advantages she could so well im-
prove.

Madge was out of all danger now,
and with a heap of expensive toys
around her she was sitting like a daisy
in her pretty worked nightdress and
soft woolen socks, upon the snow white
quilt, with that delight that comes to
us with returning health. The dimity
curtains were hung afresh around the
little French bed in the room which
was no longer to be shut off and deso-
late, but which Mrs. Robson had
henceforth consecrated to Madge. Al-
together it was a very charming little
room, but the child could not cease
wondering how so much grandeur
could be given to her. "Oh, it only
dear Fritz could have shared it with
me," she would say to herself; but
when Mrs. Robson told her that the
good Father knew why he had taken
Fritz away, and talked to her day by
day of his wonderful love, and the
lonely and desolate as she felt without
him, she would not take Fritz from
heaven even for her own joy and com-
fort, she was sure, her sweet face be-
came so calm and pure in its meek,
loving patience, that to Mrs. Robson
it seemed the very embodiment of
holiness.

Six years of unclouded comfort
Madge has enjoyed in her adopted
home, the bitter trials of her child-life
long since passed, and its great lesson
learned. She is fast becoming dear as
her own child to her foster mother, and
to Mr. Robson there is no sight so
cheery as the sight of her happy face,
no sound so welcome as her sweet
sympathetic voice.

She has taken up her Masters's
cross in real earnest, often and often
going through the by ways and deso-
late places of the city, among the
poor and sinful (where once she was
only a stray waif herself) healing bro-
ken hearts and uplifting bowed heads
by her earnest ministry of love.

As the frosts and the snows of win-
ter prepare for the glories of spring, so
adversity has strengthened the charac-
ter of Madge and given her the bless-
ing of love and faith, in sweet compan-
ionship, preparing her for that long
hereafter which shall be the unending
recompense for all sorrows nobly
borne, all tasks bravely done for God.

Canned Meat.

The following circulars, sent out by
Armour & Co., of Chicago, giving in-
structions regarding the use of canned
beef, should be read by all:

In warm weather, more especially,
but really at all times, it is advisable
after opening a can of corned beef or
other canned meat, to remove the con-
tents from the can, and if not all con-
sumed at one meal not to replace the
meat in the can, but to place it in the
ice box or take a small portion of it
as of fresh or cooked butcher's meat.
So long as the can is air-tight it mat-
ters not whether it be left for years at
the poles or the tropics; but after the
contents are once exposed to the air
they must not be treated with any less
care than would be bestowed on ordi-
nary fresh or cooked meat. It is the
failure of these simple precautions that
leads to the cases of sickness or poison-
ing from eating canned food, reported
from time to time in the newspaper, al-
though very frequently the blame is
laid on canned meats without any en-
deavor being made to ascertain if it is
merited.

Old Birds.

An eagle has just died in Vienna
which has been kept in confinement
114 years. It probably was a young
bird when caught, so that its age must
have been not far from 120 years. A
record of the eagle's condition was
made from year to year. There are
swans on the River Thames known to
be 150 years old. For five centu-
ries the Vintner's company there has
kept a record of certain swans, and
the ages of specimens of this long-
lived species of water fowls are known
to a day.

Why Women Break Down.

There is little doubt that women
are breaking down more rapidly than
men, because they allow themselves to
take less real rest. When a man drops
his business he drops it. When a woman
lets go of any work she may have in
mind she ties it to her apron strings,
as it were. She has been taught
through long ages of training that it is
a high crime and a misdemeanor to
let anything escape her mind, so she is
constantly pinching or prodding
herself to see if she hasn't forgot-
ten something. In this way she carries
the burden of her work into her rest-
ing hours, and sits down among the
roses of relaxation with foot on the
treadle of the grindstone of prosy drudg-
ery.

Men kept their noses to the grind-
stone with womanly persistence they
would be nervous and irritable beyond
compare. If women would get their
consent to rest they would have better
complexions, better stomachs and a
happier life.

The far sighted farmer looks to
future results as much as to immediate
returns, and does not attempt to
extract all the substance from his soil in
one season, nor to conduct the
breeding of farm animals as if there
would be no call for further repro-
duction. Continuous cropping without
adequate return to the soil, improves
the land, and leaves an unproductive
farm from which to obtain a living
in the future. A careless course of
breeding, which does not look to-
wards the steady improvement of the
farm animals, soon develops a class
of animals which is neither profitable
to keep or to sell. The wise farmer,
while striving in every way to make
his immediate results as large as pos-
sible, keeps a sharp lookout for the
future, and lays his plans to have bet-
ter crops and finer stock another sea-
son than in the present one. Wisdom
is shown in any one by the ability he
displays in providing for the future,
and such provision by a farmer means
improving his land and stock so that
their future productiveness and profita-
bleness will be greatly enhanced.

What We Eat.

There are butter factories in Chica-
go and all over the country calling
themselves "dairies" which never han-
dle a quart of milk and do not make a
pound of butter, though their prod-
uct is valued at hundreds of thousands of
dollars annually. There are coffee and
spice manufacturers who pack thou-
sands of their ground abominations
who handle very little coffee and im-
port no spice at all. There are ice
cream manufacturers who never use
milk, cream or sugar. There are ap-
paratus who, though turning out honey
by the ton, have no bees. There are
candy manufacturers who buy little
sugar. There are maple-sugar dealers
and jobbers who own no maple trees
and have no use for any. There are
refiners of lard who have no use for
pork. There are manufacturers of
fine fruit syrups who never buy any
sugar, and who would not know what
to do with fruit flavoring if they had it.
There are manufacturers of genuine
home made jellies whose works go
right on in winter as well as summer,
and who do not trouble themselves to
buy fruit even when it is so plenty and
cheap that it is rotting. There are
cheesemakers who have no dairies and
who never use milk, and there are a
thousand other just such villains in al-
most every line of business that is in
any way connected with traffic in
food.

HOW TO EAT A WATER MELON.

To be properly enjoyed, the perfect
watermelon should be pounced on in
the patch just after sun up. It should
be carefully selected. In response to
an eager thump there should follow a
dead and meaty sound, and the melon
should weigh not less than twenty-five
pounds. After it is pulled, it should
be split from end to end with a short-
bladed pocket-knife, so that in tearing
it open the glowing and juicy heart,
bursting loose from its confinement,
shall find a lodgement on one side
only. At this point the knife is to be
flung away. For a moment the eye
should be allowed to feast itself on the
visions thus suddenly brought to vi-
sibility, and then the scooper
with the hand, and its nectario
thrust upon the hot and thir-
sty throat. There ought to be some-
thing of the enjoyment of a v
ought to be crushed ar
avidity. The man
enjoy one will co
with the sweets
clothes.

Investigating the Children.

Arkansas Traveler.
'I ain't gwine 'ter stay in dis heah
country no longer den I ken help,' said
an old negro whose general good
humor and satisfied condition rendered
his observation significant.
'What's the matter, Eli?' some one
asked.
'Never mine whut's de matter, I
kain't stay hyar.'
'Anybody been abusing you?'
'Yes, sah, da is.'
'Infringe upon your rights?'
'Sah?'
'Trample upon your rights?'
'Yes, sah, da did. Trampled on me
wif bof feet.'
'Tell me about it.'
'Wall, yer knows, sah, dat I've er
mighty han fur chillun. I's got some
twelve or fifteen at my house, yer
know. Dis mawin' while da wuz all
out in de yard it struck me dat dar
wuz er powerful chance, o' them, I
'gunter count. Wall, sah, I counted
twenty-three. 'Look heah, wif,' s'I,
'how come all dese chillun in heah?'
She sorter 'vaded the subjec, but at
las' she 'knowledgeed dat da extra
chillun 'longed ter her sister whut wuz
dun run away. Now, boss, how long
does yer reckon I had been er totin'
dat extra load.'

'I have no idea.'
'No, sah, I doan' 'spose yer has.
I'd been feedin' dem chillun fur two
munts, sah. I thought dat it tuck a
powerful chance ter eat, but I didn't
think, sah, dat my wif wuz er stuffin'
de ballock box dat er way. No
sah, I ain't gwine ter stay heah.'

Close Figuring.

The other day a middle-aged man
who betrayed the fact that he was a
stranger in the city, appeared at the
Central Market and purchased and ate
a dozen pears. These were followed
by a dozen plums, and, after a brief
rest, by half a large watermelon. He
then took some lemonade and bought
some candy, and sat down to wait until
his stomach could take in something
more. In a little while he was noticed
to be uneasy, and soon after that he
inquired for a doctor.

"Anything wrong?" asked the stand
keeper.
'Got cholera morbus. How much
will it cost me to see a doctor and get
a cure?'

"Oh, about \$2."
'Just what I figured on before I left
home—just exactly. I'll have seventy
cents left, and you hold on to that
cocoanut until I come back. I want
to finish off on cocoanut.'

A striking affair—a clock.

If one dog can be placed on a scent
how many dogs can be placed on a
trade dollar?

The whale is somewhat of a blower.
When he begins to spout look out for
a tough tail.

Young lady (to her uncle): "Oh,
Uncle, what a shocking thing! A
young lady was made crazy by a sud-
den kiss!" Old Uncle: "What did
the fool go crazy for?" Young lady
"Why for more, I suppose."

A pretty girl out west told her beau
that she was a mind reader. "You
don't say so," he exclaimed. "Yes,"
she said, "you have it in mind to ask
me to be your wife, but you are just a
little scared at the idea." The wed-
ding cards are out.

"What? twenty-five cents a pound
for sausage? why, I can get 'em down
town at Schmidt's for twenty cents!"
said a customer. "Well, den, vy didn't
yer?" asked the dealer. "Cause
Schmidt was out of 'em," answered
the would-be purchaser. "Well, uv I
was out of 'em I sell 'em for twenty
cents, doo," remarked the shop-keep-
er.

Henry Ward Beecher says that in
his dreams he has stolen like a rascal,
but when not dreaming he doesn't re-
member to have ever stolen anything
beyond apples and melons. Tilton
says he has. Henry is getting forget-
ful in his old age.

In speaking of the junior
the university this year, the
said: "The junior class
seventeen young lad-
exclaimed the year
"great Scott! the
nior class."

A daily
Chan-
who
thr

paper announces that "Miss
Lan, the American beauty,
has had all London at her feet for
several seasons is said to be losing
ground." No wonder. No one out-
side of St. Louis has feet large enough
to keep all London there without los-
ing a little ground occasionally.

Wanted.

To let contract for making about
two miles of fencing, posts to be made
on ground, and set 16 feet apart; 3 feet
deep; 3 wires; wire furnished. Call on
or address
Lock box 8.
A. M. Surr & Co.,
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